f what he was saying.

Keep still, you dog.'
"This last was to Chambers, who started o speak, but who kept silence when Travis

him. He was introduced to me in a busi-ness way and I took it for granted he was all right, but— "Here Chambers broke in. 'Im going

WOMEN'S WORK IN JAPAN.

Girls Employed Now as Conductors of

From the London Daily Telegraph.
The social condition of woman is a fairly

rustworthy measure of the civilization of State, and judged by this standard Japan

has not yet reached the summit of Western culture. This fact, however, is not a re-

proach, seeing that it is not long since even European nations have bridged the abyss

which sunders former barbaric customs from the humane legislation of to-day. And

the Japanese are even now working hard to imitate us. Hitherto, and indeed at the

present moment, the ranks of female "hands" in Japan are recruited from among the rural

population by agents, who induce the country lasses to sign contracts for quite a number of years—the best portion of their lives.

And the wages averaged 3d. a day! For that miserable mess of pottage the girls not only labor hard during working hours, but permit themselves to be wholly isolated

from the outer world, just as if they were in a prison, a hospital or a numbery. Thus

they are entirely in the power of their em-ployers, the least scrupulous of whom take an unfair advantage of their helplessness. Thanks to the initiative of the press and

to the high spirit of a few wealthy firms, a strong and lurid light has been thrown upon those dark places of Japan, and redress is already in sight. The Manchester of the Mikado's realm is Osaka, and it was the

terrible state of things in vogue in the mills and works of that city which first attracted

attention. The slaves of the Southern States of North America had a better time than some of the wretched girls in Osaka, the products of whose labor were thrown upon European

markets at nominal prices. Happily the Guild of Weavers has now set to work to

better the lot of these helots, and its efforts

are being reinforced by Government em-

ployees. Curiously enough, in the higher callings

and professions which require skill or scientific training instead of mere manual labor there was hardly any field for woman's ac-

tivity. Thus in none of the Ministries or Government offices was a woman to be found as civil servant. The respectable firms of merchants likewise rigidly excluded mem-bers of the fair sex, refusing to employ them as saleswomen; only in a few cheap bazaars, where the work was very fatiguing and the

pay utterly inadequate, were women to be seen behind the counter. But here, too,

Ratiroad Trains.

evelled his revolver at his head. " 'Of course, he denies it,' continued Travis. 'We'll give him the benefit of the

Treasure Town of Far Seas. An Occasion When Nature's

Broome the Wicked Where the Pearl Fishers Foregather.

he blue of the great Indian Ocean stretches n front and the gray of the great Australian esert is behind, and the well ordered cities of civilization are so far away as to be only a memory, the pearl fishing fleet which supplies half the treasures of Maiden lane and Hatton Garden is assembling from million islands to wait till the bad season has passed and, with the coming of March,

the seas shall be safe again. It brings in a load of treasure and a mixed horde of reckless, thirsty men; and in all the Commonwealth of Australia, from early December to late in March, there is no rommunity so wild and lawless as Broome At other times the town, such as it is, languishes, waiting till the sail of the first llemelling lugger breaks the line of horizon signalling the return of the pearling fleet.

You will have a hard job finding Broome on the map. The Gazetteer takes no cognizance of it, and some even of the latest at lases know it not at all. But away up in Dampier Land, in the

northern part of Western Australia, a thousand miles above the thriving city of Perth and the neighboring penal settlement of Fremantle, you will see that the sandy coastline rises a little and then bends inward into a fine bay. And there in a tiny harher, lost in the reduced perspective of the map which takes in all Australia, is Broome, the headquarters of the pearl fishing industry of the Far Eastern seas.

(reede was wicked and Tombstone was lawless, and a hundred other mining campe in our own West were bad in the days when the West was wild and woolly. But life was held dear in Tombstone and Creede, and their degrees of badness were mild in comparison with the sordid wickedness of this community on the edge of civilization into which the wealth of the Indian Ocean is now being poured. Any Australian will tell you that

There was one turned up in Frisco a week or so ago, and he was fresh from Broome and full of stories about it and the pearl fishing of the Far East. He was hardly more than a boy, big and loose jointed, with face and arms browned to the hue of brick, ear tips almost blackened by long exposure to severe heat, and massive powerful hands calloused with hard work. He had come by way of Melbourne, and

he was seeking his folks, who, he had heard, had moved from home ("home" to an Australian is England) to the United States. He was lonely, and had been away from his own kind with vellow men and brown men and had come back to the world sucessful, and wanted every body to know it.
So all the way across the Pacific he talked with the rest in the smoking room of the wid life and the fortunes made in it where

wird life and the fortunes made in it where he had come from.

"I'm not myself just now," he told the group in the smoking room. "I've been down with fever and I've not yet got over wondering at my still being alive. But I found two pearls just before I got the fever, one worth \$2,000 and the other worth more than half that, and I left my chum at Broome to look after things and I'm going to find my folks, and then I go back to albourne to have the time of my life.

"I'm an oyster shell gatherer, the best paying business on earth, and I come from the jumping off place, way up in Dampier

jumping of place, way up in Dampier

There's the place. The boats will be coming in soon, and it'll be fizz, morning, noon and night, till they sail again in March. Your head needs to be hard up, in Broome. "Drink? There isn't a word to tell it. You won't see so much champagne for as little a crowd anywhere in the world as in Broome. Men just float in liquor. And Broome's no Sunday school when the shell fishers are in.

"Everybody is rich then and everybody drinks. Let twenty men meet in a bar and

n man must have twenty drinks before You can't refuse to drink with a man

without offending him, and you don't offend if your gun isn't handy up in Broome. And you don't wait for corkscrews. Knock the tops off the bottles and pour down the

"The pearls are the tit-bits. The oyster shells alone pay. But a bit of luck will make you rich. It's all luck.
"I was lucky and made the find of the year. But I know a man who went for six years without finding a stone. Then he struck one worth \$5,000.
"Your divers steal them if you don't

he struck one worth \$5,000.

"Your divers steal them if you don't keep your eyes open. There's a Malay in Broome to-day who has a stone worth thousands. There's no other such pearl in the world but no one can get at it, for he of it on the cross and is afraid to show

beggar's fond of liquor and I made up to him and became his best friend. I shouted unlimited fizz, and after a day or two I got him in a condition where he was bring me the stone the next day and sell to me for \$500. But by the next day he'd vanished and

I was out \$75 for champagne. The nigger came out on top in that deal. Somebody in the smoking room hinted the consequences of dealing in stolen

goods.
"Pshaw," said the pearl fisher. "We're talking of Broome."
He was asked about the treasure mines in the sea and told about them. The pearls are really a side issue. The oyster shells from which pearl ornaments are made are the staple.

One or two large firms of London jewellers own most of the fishing boats, which are luggers manned by half a dozen menusually, one white man and four or five natives. One firm has twenty boats. Altogether there are about 400. The rest

are individual ventures.

"It takes about \$4,000 to equip you," said the pearl fisher. "I've known men to start with less, but you need that much. For that you buy your lugger, stock her with a vear's provisions, pay your diver his \$750 advance money—they all 'demand that because it's risky work—hire three Malays from the agent and start.

"Some of the divers are Malays and some are Japs. Give me the little Jap all the are individual ventures.

are laps. Give me the little Jap all the remain above water while he's down below gathering in your harvest. Besides his advance money you pay him \$100 on every

advance money you pay him \$100 on every ton of shells he brings up.

The diver's life is short at best. Sometimes the first plunge ends him.

He has to work at great depths and the water pressure may kill him at any time. I knew a man whose diver was done the first time he went below-burst a blood vessel in his head under the pressure. The lugger had to go back empty and the owner, my chum, was out \$750 advance money. That's high for a Jap.

Then there's danger from sharks, though not so much as you'd think. The divers take their knives down with them.

"But once when I first went out, the diver's signals ceased and when the Malays pulled to the line, they had only the diver's clothes and a part of him. A shark had got the rest.

In the little harbor of Broome, where the debt is settled. I never went to sleep

aboard my boat without looking to my gun and seeing it was in shape and handy for business. You train yourself to sleep

for business. You train yourself to sleep light aboard a pearling lugger.

"Once a Malay did try to rush me on deck when we had a dispute. I got him through the shoulder. We were short handed and I daren't kill him."

"Any questions asked about such deaths?" asked a listener.
"Couldn't you swear that the nigger attacked you?" replied the pearl fisher.
"But if the other men aboard swore differently?"

"The pearl hunter stared in surprise.
"You're quite a new chum," said he,
"nobody needs to swear anything. Explauations are unnecessary; but if they
were you ought to know that no white jury
in Australia even taken the months."

planations are unnecessary; but if they were you ought to know that no white jury in Australia ever takes the word of any number of niggers against a white man."

The great pearl cyster shells of the Indian ocean sell for \$1,200 a ton at Broome. In the English markets they command from \$1,350 to \$1,500 a ton.

Most of the shell gatherers, though, prefer the \$1200 on the spot. Even without the chance of finding a valuable pearl in the cysters that come up from below, the owner expects to make at least \$3,500 profit on his annual trip. The pearls are additional profit and there are few luggers that don't come in with a few pearls of greater or less value.

The Australian Government, under the prodding of the larger firms engaged in the pearl cyster industry, is beginning to try to control in some degree the lawlessness of the headquarters of the industry. But it is a long way off and hard to reach. There are no towns nearby.

The Government took up the coolie labor question not long ago, and put a number of restrictions on landing blacks and Malays.

The Government took up the coolie labor question not long ago, and put a number of restrictions on landing blacks and Malays in Australia. The pearl fishers get around these by hiring the natives direct from the agents' ships which take them to Broome and they never leave the luggers until their time of service is up.

Then the Government does not care to meddle too much with a profitable industry. It would be easy for the pearl fishers to transfer to the Dutch flag and operate among the islands from Java. The Dutch would welcome them and wouldn't bother overmuch about the

wouldn't bother overmuch about the

blacks.
So Broome is not too closely supervised there must be So Broome is not too closely supervised and the men who succeed there must be hardy and quick to shoot. Young men, like the reckless talker of the Pacific liner, there and as reckless of hey are, most of them, and as reckless of ife as of speech. By and by Broome will be regulated and

become prosperous and law abiding as have the Western mining communities. Then the shooting will cease and the lives of the yellow and brown men become of more interest to the powers than the simple word of a white man can dispose of. But by that time more of the picturesque ness of this treasure house between ocean and desert will have passed away.

INDIAN, HE NO SABE.

A Curious Less of English Noted in a Time

definite the longer he talked.

The foremen berated the men, but they shook their heads as men who could not understand, and all headed for the reservation. The one who did talk said that the white men were treating the red men badly and the latter would no longer work for

How the Indians found out about the trouble could not be discovered. There was no means of communication among

was no means of communication among them, but in two days every Indian on the road had packed up and hiked for the reservation.

Since the Indian Commissioner ordered that all able bodied Indians must go to work or starve, many of them have been working for the Northwestern. They have worsing for the Northwestern. They have been employed as section men, coal heavers and roundhouse wipers, and they have proved industrious and capable, equally with their white fellow workmen. They have been receiving from \$1.25 to \$1.50 a day, and have shown a decided preference for working on the railroad rather than on the reservation, where divided diagrams. on the reservation, where ditch digging and farming are the only avenues open, and where independence is not so evident. In a few instances the Indians have been employed as bridgemen and have done good work. Most of them could speak English before they became employees of the road and those who coulds!

English before they became employees of the road, and those who couldn't have since picked up a good vocabulary.

Agent Brennan, at Pine Ridge, says that the action of the Indians in disclaiming knowledge of English in times of excitement is not unusual, although it has never been definitely settled whether the worry and apprehension actually banish their newly acquired vocabulary from their minds or whether a childish caution impels them to insist that they do not understand.

Since the trouble has ended the reds have been coming back and asking for their have been coming back and asking for their old jobs again. They now talk as good English as they ever did, and while some of their places have been filled, most of the returned bucks have got their jobs again.

The Indians have learned lately to give

The Indians have learned lately to give the Wyoming ranchmen a wide berth, their wrath being more far reaching than the punishment of army days. The Indians who were taken to Douglas will have a speedy trial, and, as an Indian's word is not regarded in Western courts as any better than a negro's is in those of the South, their conviction will undoubtedly follow.

ATHLETIC PRINCESSES.

The English Queen and Her Daughter Fond of Outdoor Sports.

Some of the divers are Malays and some fee Japs. Give me the little Jap all the lime.

The diver's the important man, for you remain above water while he's down below tathering in your harvest. Besides his divance money you pay him \$100 on every to not shells he brings up.

The diver's life is short at best. Sometimes the first plunge ends him.

He has to work at great depths and the water pressure may kill him at any time. Water pressure a blood its time he went below—burst a blood alto go back empty and the owner, my chum, was out \$750 advance money. The hair high for a Jap.

Then there's danger from sharks, though not so much as you'd think. The divers its make their knives down with them.

But once when I first went out, the diver's knid a part of him. A shark had got the rest. The Malays pull the lines and pump for your diver and do general work. You have to watch 'em. There you are cooped in with plenty on board to make it worth their while to get rid of you.

So sometimes the white owner falls overband or disappears somehow—no one board or disappears somehow—no one search or disappears somehow—no one shard or disappears somehow—no one sometimes the white owner falls overband and the friends. They are all fond of ming and billiards. They are all fond of ming an

FISTS, NOT GUNS. AFTER A POKER GAME.

Weapons Triumphed After a Crooked Deal Came Out.

"Thirty-odd years ago," said the gray haired young looking man, "the lumbermen of Minnesota were a most interesting set of men. They may be just as interesting now, and just as sharply distinguished from the average citizen as they were then I don't know anything about it. What I do know is that I was among them at the time and came to know a lot about them.

"They were physically powerful men in the first place. No one of ordinary build was fit for the work they had to do, and if a weakling had by any accident been taken on in a gang of loggers he would not have lasted through the rigors and hardships and tremendous exertions of single winter in camp, let alone the matter of bringing the logs down from the forests to the mills at St. Anthony's Falls.

"Then they were a reokless set of dare-devils. Most of them were single men. Minnesota was comparatively a new country then. Men were more numerous than women for one thing, and for another married men were not so likely as single men to go into the woods for six months at a time every year. The lumbermen were used to adventures and risks of all kinds and seemed actually indifferent to

peril.

"Another thing helped to make them reckless. They got good wages in addition to their keep while they were in camp, but as they had no use for money in the woods they would draw their pay in a lump when they came down the river in the spring. Then they were like sailors ashore after a long cruise. With plenty of money, after a long period of good behavior, and sure of more work whenever they wanted it, they not unnaturally turned themselves loose for a rattling good spree—not always, and for a rattling good spree-not always, and not all of them, but it was a common

thing.
"There weren't so very many forms of amusement available around St. Anthony and St. Paul at that time as I suppose there and St. Paul at that time as I suppose there are now. There was plenty of drinking, and there was gambling galore, but what other dissipations there may have been were less in evidence. What we did see was a considerable amount of drunkenness, some fighting, though not what might have been expected, and a lot of poker playing for some weeks after the spring settle-ment. After that, the men usually settled down to their summer work, or laid off till it should come time to go into camp

have seen games at Snyder's old road-house, near the Minnehaha Falls, that were equal to any I have seen anywhere. The stakes were not so large, for the men were not millionaires, but they ran into respectable figures even at that, and there was money enough floating around to tempt professional gamblers into the

"Snyder's was a great place for game "Snyder's was a great place for game suppers, venison and prairie chickens usually, a game of draw being the usual wind-up. I drove over there with four friends one night from Minneapolis for one of the suppers, and had an experience before getting home that I haven't forgotten yet. Charles Benton was my partner at the time and we had three of the loggers with us as our guests, having a business deal in prospect as well as a pleasant evening. "George Martin was one of them. He

ant evening.

"George Martin was one of them. He was a mill owner as well as a logger, but went into the woods every year as foreman of one of his own camps. His partner, Alec Studley, was another. The two had worked together in the woods and in the mills till they had grown rich, and having denied themselves for a few years were now ready for any sort of devilishness, and well able to afford it. The other was one of them. He was a mill owner as well as a logger, but went into the woods every year as foreman of one of his own camps. His partner, Alec Studley, was another. The two had worked together in the woods and in the mills till they had grown rich, and having denied themselves for a few years were now ready for any sort of devilishness, and well able to afford it. The other was one of them. He was a mill owner as well as a logger, but went into the woods every year as foreman of one of his own camps. His partner, Alec Studley, was another. The two had worked together in the woods and in the mills till they had grown rich, and having denied themselves for a few years were now ready for any sort of devilishness, and well able to afford it. The other was one of them. He was a mill owner as well as a logger, but went into the woods every year as foreman of one of his own camps. His partner, Alec Studley, was another. The two had worked together in the woods and in the mills till they had grown rich, and having denied themselves for a few years were now ready for any sort of devilishness, and well able to afford it. The other was one of their beautiful they had grown rich, and having denied themselves for a few years were now ready for any sort of devilishness, and well able to afford it. The other was one of their beautiful they had grown rich, and having denied themselves for a few years were now ready for any sort of devilishness, and we late to afford it. The other was one of their beautiful they had grown rich, and having denied themselves for a few years were now ready for any sort of devilishness, and w

" Take your drink with us,' he said cordially, and they came willingly enough Camp introduced his friend as Mr. Cham-Camp introduced his friend as Mr. Chambers, and we sat for perhaps half an hour sipping some of Snyder's choice wine before cards were suggested. When they were, there was no dissent, and we were quickly engaged in a game.

"It was table stakes, and each man bought fifty dollars in chips at the start. The ante was a dollar, calling two, and the jackpots, when they came, were, of course, fourteen, making a swift game for the money in sight.

money in sight.

"There wasn't anything specially notable about the play for the first half hour or so. I was the first to go to the boneyard, but it came from an exasperating series of small losses and continual chipping without making a single win. No unusual hands were being held, and I bought again thinking the luck probably would ngain, thinking the luck probably would urn after a time. "Travis was the next to buy. He had

"Travis was the next to buy. He had won a little at first, but ran up against a flush with three tens and then undertook to beat a full house with aces up. Naturally, that didn't work and he took his second fifty. Luck didn't turn for him, though, and he dropped that in two more hands.

"One of these was a considerable surprise. It was Chambers's deal and a jackpot. Benton and I passeed. Martin opened it for the size of it, fourteen dollars. Studley passed. Travis made it \$28 to blay. Camp dropped and Chambers stayed. Studley passed. Travis made it 2.2 to play. Camp dropped and Chambers stayed. "That brought it back to Martin, and he lay down, having only a pair of jacks. Then Travis stood pat and bet his pile. "Chambers looked a little anxious, but drew three cards, saying. I'll have to see what I get before I call." Then he looked to his draw and called showing down four.

at his draw and called, showing down four It wasn't what he held, or what he drew

"It wasn't what he held, or what he drew, that made his play seem peculiar, but the fact that he had stayed on eights after a raise, but I don't think anything would have been said, eyen at that, if he hadn't laughed and remarked that eights were lucky to him. Then Travis said in rather an ugly tone. Yes, they were peculiarly lucky that time."

that time."
"However, that passed as the natural irritation of the loser, and nobody expected any further talk. Travis bought again and the game went on. There was no remarkable play for half an hour or so, but Chambers won steadily. Now and again somebody would hit him for a small pot, but what he lost was inconsiderable, and his what he lost was inconsiderable, and his winnings were large. Martin held his own, but Benton and Studley and Camp all had to buy and Lwas down toward the end of my

to buy and I was down toward the end of my second fifty when Travis went broke again.

"He put his hand in his pocket to buy again, but found only three or four dollars in change, so, turning to Martin, he said. 'George, let me have fifty, will you?

"Martin looked serious, and said with what appeared to be reluctance, 'Not for this game, Bill. You know you can always have what money you need, but I'm not going to help you further into a hole.

"I expected an outbreak, for I had seen something of Travis's temper, but to my surprise he checked himself as he was about to speak and looked inquiringly at Studley. But Studley shook his head. He was not going to do what his partner would not. I would have let Travis have the money readily enough, but, of course, I would not

But Studley shook his head. He was not going to do what his partner would not. I would have let Travis have the money readily enough, but, of course, I would not volunteer after Martin had refused, and Travis evidently did not care to ask Benton or me, so he looked back at Martin and, with a laugh that was half surly and half goodnatured, he said: 'Well, damm you for a curmudgeon, George.' Then he drew back and put his hands in his pocket and sat watching the game.

"Chambers's luck continued. It wasn't that he held such remarkable hands. The four eights he had caught against Travis's pat hand made the best hand I remember in the game. But he would hold just enough nearly all the time to beat anybody who stayed against him, or he would have luck enough, or sense enough, to stay out. It

iown to luck.
"Martin was the next to get hit. He lost LOTS OF THEM IN THE WAY OF a pot to Camp and one to me and then ran up against Chambers with a flush. Cham-bers drew one card and tapped him, and, of course, Martin had to call, but Chambers had a full. LADS AT THE TRACKS.

The Earning of \$35,000 by Arthur Redfern an Incentive, Though, to Other "Then Martin bought, not once, but twice Race, Riders-Traps for Jockeys-Lads more, and Chambers was the only winner, He must have been five or aix hundred dollars ahead, when suddenly Travis made Whose Heads Are Turned by Success

It takes a strong minded boy who rides an interruption.
"We had made a jackpot, and it had gone racehorses for a living to withstand temptation. On the other hand, the rewards of those that succeed are great.

"We had made a jackpot, and it had gone for three or four deals without opening till the deck passed to Chambers. On his deal I opened it on a pair of kings. Martin stayed and Camp stayed and the dealer stayed. The others passed.

"Everybody drew three cards. I bet a white ohip without looking, and Martin raised it \$25. Camp dropped, and Chambers made it \$50. I looked at my draw and found I had kings up, but I decided they were not good enough to call a double raise, so I lay down. Martin called on three queens, and Chambers showed down three aces. It was only the other day that the father of Arthur Redfern, W. C. Whitney's star jockey, declared that his son had earned \$35,000 during the season just closed, and that he would have reached the \$50,000 mark had it not been for a broken collarbone received in an accident at the Aqueduct track last spring. And yet young Redfern is not yet out of his teens.

His case is an illustration of the possithree aces.

"Then Travis spoke. 'You'd better stop where I did, George, unless you want to get into a hole, too,' he drawled out as if he were jeering Martin for losing as much as he had himself. But Martin was good natured. 'I reckon I'll have another try, Bill,' he said, as he went into his pocket bilities in the way of a successful jockey. Here is an instance of a different kind. A dozen years ago a little stable boy

named Sloan was living from hand to mouth on the winter track at Guttenburg. His rise to fame and fortune was meteoric for money.

"Better not, I tell you,' persisted Travis.

You ain't got a livin' show against this man Chambers.'

"Oh, the luck may turn,' said Martin, and he soon came to be not only America's most successful jockey, but later earned the patronage of British royalty.

At one time Tod Sloan was reputed to be

still good naturedly.
"Tain't likely to turn on his deal, anyworth half a million dollars. Unsuccessful attempts to break the bank at Monte Carlo, how, said Travis, still drawling his words as if he had no notion of the seriousness high living and other extravagances soon reduced his bank account until a few months ago it was said of him that he was engaged as a chauffeur by a French automobile concern.

of what he was saying.

"Everybody else recognized the situation in an instant and there was a start, sudden and sharp. We all looked at Chambers and he went very white on the instant. He spoke coolly enough, though.

"'Perhaps you will be good enough to explain what you mean by that remark,' he said to Trayis. Sloan's head was turned by success and when he came to this country several years ago to ride W. C. Whitney's Ballyhoo explain what you mean by that remark, he said to Travis.

"'Certainly,' said Travis. 'I mean that I saw you deal yourself that third ace off the bottom of the deck.' And as he spoke I noticed that his hands were no longer Bey in the Futurity, his old friends feared the worst, if only because of the assumption of an English accent and the presence of a grown-up , valet. Sloan probably made more money from riding racehorses than n his pockets and that he had straightened up a bit.
"It was well that he had, for in another any other American-born jockey, but Redfern, if he can keep up his average, may be able to surpass him.

instant Chambers's gun would have been out. His hand was on the butt of it when Travis seized him. There was one leap, like a cat's, and his arms were wrapped around Chambers so tightly that the latter could not move. He struggled for a moment or so, but finding he could not free himself he sat still. While all jockeys cannot hope to make money so rapidly, their opportunities are great. According to the prevailing custom, a jockey receives \$25 for a winning mount and \$15 for a loser. Six races are "That's better, said Travis. Now keep still a minute till I get that gun you run each day, so that a steadyly employed rider makes a good thing of it.

were reaching for, and we'll consider what we are going to do with you.'
"He reached down as he spoke and took Chambers's revolver. Holding it in his hand ready for use, he said to the rest of Sometimes he has a chance to increase these earnings in a dishonest way and here is one sort of temptation. The success of the racehorse naturally depends a great deal upon his physical condition " 'Now the question is what we are going But when the throughbred leaves the padto do. I make the charge that I caught this man cheating. You all know me and know whether I lie. Of course, he denies dock gate his welfare rests solely in the

hands of the jockey.

If the horse is a favorite he carries thou sands of dollars of the public's money. In the betting ring the bookmakers have, In the betting ring the bookmakers have, perhaps, laid a short price against him because of the jockey's reputation for extreme skilfulness. Is it not a natural inference that some bookmaker, a bookmaker not inclined to be honest, would like to tamper with this particular jockey? Does anybody believe that the jockey would never receive an offer of \$5,000 to will the berea?

Travis. 'We'll give him the benefit of the denial, anyhow. Now, it strikes me the first thing to do is to decide whether he's guilty or not. In other words, whether he lies or I lie. Which is it, gentlemen?'

"We were all silent for a few moments. It was an ugly question to answer. But finally Martin spoke up' 'I don't know Mr. Chambers,' he said, 'but I do know you, Bill. And I must say I never knew you to lie.'

"'No,' said Studley, 'and no man that knows you would believe for an instant tifat you would lie.' And Benton and I said about the same thing.

"Camp had kept silence till then, and we all looked at him inquiringly. At length he said, 'I am in a very embarrassing position, gentlemen. I introduced this man here and yet I know almost nothing about him. He was introduced to me in a busi-It has been shown in times past that such It has been shown in times past that such offers have been made, and in some cases jockeys have been ruled off the turf for life for accepting them. That is why, possibly, the jockeys of the present day turn away from temptation of this kind, fearing banishment from a trade that yielded as much as \$35,000 to Arthur Redfern last season.

yielded as much as \$35,000 to Arthur Redfern last season.

To ride honestly is not the hardest thing a jockey has to do. The notoriety he acquires is likely to bring him into bad company. It is the height of some racegoers' ambition to know star jockeys and trainers. It seems to them to be the proper thing to spend money on them.

Late suppers at fashionable restaurants are held out as an attraction, with music, wine, flowers and brilliant lights. Is it strange that the boys who, perhaps, have come from some country town where they were brought up in absolute want, find it hard to refuse?

It is at these late spreads that the young-sters meet boon companions who are oldered were averaginged in the ways of the

"Here Chambers broke in. 'Im going to speak,' he said defiantly to Travis, who had him covered with the gun all the time. 'Shoot if you like, but I don't believe you'll kill a man in cold blood without hearing what he has to say. You say I'm a cheat, and you're among friends who believe anything you say. I say you're a liar and I'm among strangers who don't know me. Now, I'll go outside and settle this thing with you, man to man, any way you like. I can't fight six men at once, but I'll fight you and let you choose the weapons.'

"'Well,' said Travis, 'I don't know but that just about suits me, only there'll be no weapons. You come outdoors and I'll give you the all-firedest lickin' you ever had in your life.'

"And he did it. There wasn't any question that Chambers was licked. If we hadn't interfered I think he'd have been killed. And we found out afterward that he was a travelling professional gambler." and more experienced in the ways of the world When they are on familiar terms these companions can go to a jockey in the paddock and ask him what he thinks, and they can also make a proposition to him to do something wrong in return for a bundle

do something wrong in return for a bundle of money.

One night last week a Sun man saw a well known jockey, not more than 18, sitting at a table in a Broadway restaurant. It was long after midnight, and his companions were a well known gambler, two bookmakers, a confidence man and three vellow haired women. The jockey was opening wine and was smoking a black cigar that Bill Devery would have experienced difficulty in handling.

The supper was in full blast when a quiet

cigar that Bill Devery would have experienced difficulty in handling.

The supper was in full blast when a quiet looking man slipped up to the jockey's chair and whispered in his ear.

"The boss wants to see you outside!"

The jockey arose reluctantly and went out into the street. There he was confronted by his employer, who rideted him peremptorily to go to a hotel and take the first train in the morning for Washington.

"Let me finish up inside!" pleaded the boy, but his employer was obdurate and marched him off to bed.

Another jockey of renown caused endless trouble for his employers this past campaign by disappearing from the track just at a time when his services were needed in some important race. He was unheard of a little more than a year ago, but being a natural horseman and a lad of daring, he leaped into the front rank of popularity.

His success completely turned his head. Money came so easily that he saw no reason why he should not spend it as fast as it came.

He dropped completely out of sight one

why he should not spend it as last as it came.

He dropped completely out of sight one day and the race track detectives went out on a still hunt for him. The jockey could not be found. That night his manager metastranger in Broadway who said:

"If you will take a trip to a certain Hatlem saloon, I think you will find your boy!"

The address was given and the manager rushed away. When he entered the back room of the resort he found that the information was correct. room of the resort he found that the information was correct.

The jockey was holding high carnival. His companions, from their appearances, did not have a cent. The manager's intrusion promptly called for a protest from the proprietor of the place, who did not care to lose a really good thing. But the jockey was literally dragged out, and after receiving a tongue lashing he promised to be good.

This boy's behavior at one time attracted the attention of the stewards, but

to be good.

This boy's behavior at one time attracted the attention of the stewards, but his promises to reform staved off official action. His prospects were never brighter. Several millionaires want him to ride for them next year, but he is under contract to two of the best known turfmen in the East, who will probably refuse to let him go. "As soon as he has sowed his wild oats," said his manager recently, "the boy will be good. But it's pretty hard to jump from a jayhawk town in the woods to a big city like this where a crack jockey is the real thing."

Badly behaved jockeys, however, are an exception to the rule. There is one boy in particular who is a model of good deportment. He has never tasted liquor, has always slept near the stable of his employer and is never out of physical condition, yet at present he is in disfavor with the Jockey Club stewards, who took his license away last spring because of an alleged crooked ride.

Many boys avoid dissipation because it puts on weight, and when a jockey becomes too heavy he loses his earning oapacity. Jockeys who have not yielded to demptation and have grown too old to ride have in many cases turned their attention to ownership, to training, to bookmaking or to other racetrack pursuits, but in almost every case where a boy has gone wrong he has sunk into oblivion, never to reappear on the turf. It pays therefore to walk a orack. reappear on the turf. It pays therefore to walk a crack.

was evident that either he played better than the rest of us or else that his luck was better than ours, and as we all thought we played the game about right we set it down to luck

"The Porto Ricans are yet wondering why President Roosevelt gave that race suicide warning," said a former official of the customs service at San Juan. "They say that if the President lived in Porto Rico he would have no occasion to talk about the danger to the State from small families.

"The fact is, Porto Ricans, rich and poor alike, seem to strive to raise the largest families possible. The people worship their children, and the children look up to their parents with love and reverence. Families of ten, fifteen, eighteen or twenty children are so common as to excite no comment I know one woman in San Juan who has twenty-four children, and they are all living.

"She is the wife of a rich planter and is contrary to the general rule with Porto Rican women, a good business woman and aids her husband in the management of his business affairs, besides looking after her household. These double cares would kill the average American woman but the Porto Rican woman is happy and contented and doesn't look a year over 30.

"The wife of a relative of mine, a rich planter, had fourteen children, but she lost one of them. The death of a child in a Porto Rican family, no matter how large the family may be, is a blow so stunning that the parents carry their grief to their graves.

"When this one died the sorrow of the parents was intense. The father owned a newspaper in San Juan, but he refused even o open the door of his office for a month, and then he could do no work. Finally he had to go abroad for six months in an effort to forget his grief.
"While in Europe he ordered a marble

omb, with a beautiful white figure of an angel surmounting it, in which to place the child's remains. Now, although the little one has been dead several years, the father goes regularly twice a week to the ceme-tery, and remains several hours each time. "The mother trudges every day to the

"The mother trudges every day to the cemetery, taking with her each time a bunch of fresh flowers to place on the child's tomb. They dress in black, and will remain in mourning, I think, till death.

"This is not an isolated instance of parental devotion, because on every Sunday or feast day you may go to the beautiful San Juan cemetery and see hundreds of people sitting by the graves of children.

"I recall a striking instance of a widow's love for the memory of her husband. The San Juan municipality owns the cemetery and charges a rental for the reception of the bodies. The rent for the first three years has to be paid in advance, and if the renewal rent is not paid after the expiration of the three years the bones of the dead are, without warning, thrown out of the niches where the coffins rest.

"It chanced that through an error the widow failed to pay again after the three

"It chanced that through an error the widow failed to pay again after the three years had expired, and when she went to the cemetery one day she discovered to her dismay that the bones of her husband had been taken from their niche and cast into a pile of bones of hundreds of other dead. There was no way by which the bones could be identified and recovered. "The widow had had a great mausoleum

"The widow had kad a great mausoleum built for the remains of her husband, and, rather than have nothing in the vault to remind her of him, she caused all the bones remind her of him, she caused all the bones in the pile, comprising the remains of hundreds of people, to be gathered up and placed in the mausoleum, being well satisfied that among the great mass of bones in the place were those of her husband. This woman makes regular visits to the cemetery and offers up prayers over that great mausoleum full of bones for the repose of her husband's soul."

GREAT CHICAGO MATCHMAKER. Always Finding Wives for Well-to-Do

" It is his office in one of the biggest and busiest department stores in State street.

Mr. Engelhart's confessed chief object in

life is to see his friends happily married. him in contact with the wealthiest cattlemen and ranchmen of the West. His present position, which he has held for seven years, has made possible for him an extended ac-quaintance among business women, particularly those in the store he represents.

Many of them are bright, pretty, attractive girls, willing to marry-just the sort of girls that make capable, lovable wives.

Most of the wealthy plainsmen are bach-elors, anxious to wed. What better oppor-tunity could the most ambitious matchmaker "But how do you do it?" Mr. Engelhart was

desire?

But how do you do it?" Mr. Engelhart was asked.

"I meet a weil-to-do Westerner, an old friend of mine, and he tells me he wants a wife.

"I introduce him to some of the nice girls I know—and I knowmany.

"Somebody suggests a theatre party or a dinner. The wife hunter, with some of his companions, perhaps, and a dozen or so of the girls, make up a party.

"Well, there you are. He has a chance to choose for himself. He picks out his girl.

"If she is agreeable, they fix it up—the sooner the better for the would-be Benedick." This wholesale party plan is not the only one. Often I select the young woman myself, and present the wooer to her directly.

"As a rule, my judgment seems to be about right. I invite the couple to my own home, where my wife and I entertain them.

"What could be simpler? Bring together a man who wants a wife and a young woman who is willing to instry. Give them a chance to get acquainted, and if they are suited to each other they will soon find it out."

Mr. Engelhart, surrounded by a group of ranchmen and typical Montana miners and cowboys, eats at his desk, taking orders, at the same time dispensing sage advice to those who declared themselves anxious to wed.

"yes," he said in abswer to a question.

"yes," he said i

as many as all proposals a week. She, however, is "waiting for the right man," she told me.

"I haven't met him yet," she declared.

"And I wouldn't make such a sacrifice-leaving the city for the wilds of the West, unless the man were my ideal."

A certain young Westerner, however, D. A. McQueen of Miles City, Mon., is paying ardent suit, and Miss Mikel's friends declare that she, too, may surrender. This is mere rumor, however, Miss Mikel, who lives at 343 West Monroe street, refuses to confirm it.

Another assistant—a most attractive young woman with pleasing manners—is Miss Maud Castour. She, too, meets scores of admirers, but to all pleadings she turns a deaf ear, for "the right man has not come along yet." She lives at 216 Thirty-first street.

And now for a girl who did accept, just last week, a proposal of marriage that came to her through the agency of Mr. Engelhart from a wealthy Westerner, who owns a huge cattle ranch 100 miles from Hillings, Mon.

She is Miss Zella King, 123 North avenue, and she cocupies a position in the fitting department of the store. Last week she met for the first time Harry Dingle, the Westerner she is soon to marry.

He and Miss King found each other's society

met for the first time Harry Dingie, the westerner she is soon to marry.

He and Miss King found each other's society quite congenial, and—well, the engagement quickly followed.

Dingle is worth \$150,000 or more. A great number of the wooers are worth from \$100,000 to \$200,000, and will make life as luxurious for their wives as Western limitations will permit.

Here are some of the matches made by Mr. Engelbart, during the past two years

Here are some of the matches made by Mr Engelhart during the past two years that have already resulted in marriage:
That of Miss Klein, formerly an employee of Rothschild's, and Mr. James Smitham, of Bellevue, Idaho.
That of Chris Piep, a rich ranchman of Peterson, Ia., and Mrs. Bertha Hounder of Chicago. Chicago.

Chicago.

That of Miss Rose Cary, former saleslady in the Chicago Cloak Company, and Charles Sargent, a well-to-do store keeper and cattle grower of Nashua, Mon. Sargent is worth \$150,000.

"HAMLET" IN RED, WITHHORNS

A QUEERLY MIXED SHOW THAT A SOUTHERN AUDIENCE SAW.

Faust Tranne Was in Difficulties, for "Faust" Had Struck for Salary, but a Smooth-Tengued Mephisto Joilled ton Authence and Saved the Receipts.

MACON, Mo., Dec. 1 .- "I was with a 'Faust' show once that was saved from bankruptcy down in these parts by a speech," said an old theatrical man, telling stories in the hotel office. "We were headed South when the manager was called to Chicago by sickness in his family, and I was ordered in from advance work to take his place. There were ten or twelve men, including the carpenter and electrician, and three girls.

"In Texas we had a hard run of luck, such as comes to all showmen once in a while, but I knew we would pull out of the hole when we struck the big towns on the way back to St. Louis, and I succeeded in meeting salaries until we reached Shreveport, La., where there was a big lot of paper, C. O. D., awaiting us. It took nearly everything out of the treasury, but we had to have it.

"It was salary day and I called the crowd around and asked for a two weeks' extension. They granted it with apparent willingness, and we set out for Helena, willingness, and we set out for Helens,
Ark., where we were billed for Thanksgiving night. The box office showed
\$190 when the time came to raise the curtain. But it didn't raise. I went back
behind the scenes.

"What's the matter?' I asked.

"What's the warnowed," said. Roberts.

"Faust has vamoosed, said Roberts, who played Mephisto, and was dressed

who played Mephisto, and was dressed ready to go on.

"I thought I knew what the matter was and I ran over to the hotel on the double quick. Faust was in the office, his feet on the stove, puffing a cigar.

"What's your game, Davis? I asked.

"Salary—\$60. I want it right now of I don't go on, said he.

"He got the stage carpenter and two others to join him, and I couldn't do anything with him. I only had a few dollars, and if we didn't get our part of the night's receipts the prospects for counting the ties into St. Louis were good.

"I went back and told my troubles to Roberts, and it happened that Roberts was a fine hand at a speech. He said he would go out and 'jolly' the audience a bit. He did. I watched at the corner of the curtain. Roberts was dressed in red, wore a pair of horns and looked horrible.

"Gentlemen and ladies,' he said, 'we're in a devil of a fix.'

"He looked the nart so well that the

"Gentlemen and ladies,' he said, 'we're in a devil of a fix."
"He looked the part so well that the audience cheered the joke.
"'Faust has struck for his salary and Marguerite declares there ain tanother man in this show she'd let kiss her. We hate to have you go without seeing a play, for, to tell the truth, we need the money!"
"There was a good deal of cheering and laughter at this, and I guess it emboldened Roberts for the audacious proposition he made.

Roberts for the audacious proposition he made.

"We don't want to spoil your fun and we don't want to lose our money. Now, we haven't any other costumes along, but if you think you could stand for a Hamlet dressed in red, with horns and the gentleman who produces the flery flakes that fall into Hades, with a white sheet over him, as the Ghost and a girl with fluffy corncolored hair and a white apron for Ophelia why, we'll do our best to deliver the goods."

"Amid the yells that followed a man arose in the pit and moved that 'Hamlet' be substituted for 'Faust' The motion was carried unanimously.

be substituted for 'Faust' The motion was carried unanimously.

"Every player who had stayed with us was familiar with Hamlet, even the electrician, who had been an actor before he went into mechanics, being a pretty fair declaimer. Of course there was considerable doubling up, and some parts were necessarily omitted, but the audience stood for it,

Always Finding Wives for Well-to-Do
Friends From the Wild West.

Chicago Dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer.

"A happy marriage is the most blessed thing on earth"

That is the life motto of T. W. Engelhart, one of Chicago's busiest business men, who has voluntarily assumed the rôle of Cupid's Special Commissioner, and who holds the record of having brought about eight happy marriages in two years.

The headquarters of Mr. Engelhart's matchmaking enterprise has earned the title of "Cupid's Corner." It is his office in one of "Cupid's Corner." It is his office in one of ur property in favor of the manager, so as peace and had an attachment assured against operevent the striking hands from tying us up. I got back just in time to have Roberts announce to the audience that a brand new Faust was on the way to town and that the play would be presented with all its magnificence on Saturday night.

"Next morning the fellows who had left us went to the justice to get out an attachment, only to learn they had slept on their rights. Our new Faust got in on Saturday afternoon, and he was a daisy—tall, fine looking, and with an excellent voice. The fickle Marquerite took to him at once. The house was packed and we left town the next day with \$300 to the good. The people of Helena assured us if we ever came back and played 'Hamlet,' in 'Faust' costumes again they'd do better by us that that. Roberts's speech had turned disour property in favor of the manager,

costumes again they'd do better by us that hat. Roberts's speech had turned disaster into triumph.

"Our disaffected comrades had a hard time of it. One of them sold his gold cuff buttons to get back to Chicago, and the others had to divide the journey between riding and walking. They had no right, under the unwritten law of travelling shows, to expect back salary when they at-tempted to ruin the troupe they had been

HOUSE OF BEER BOTTLES. The Device of a Nevada Miner Who Couldn't Get Lumber.

Tonopah, Nev., aside from being famed on account of its vast mineral resources, also occupies the unique distinction of numbering among its inhabitants a man who is able to live in a glass house and throw un-limited quantities of stones at the same time

mited quantities of stoies at the same time without suffering any of the serious inconveniences popularly supposed to surround such an association.

Not a tree grows within sixty miles of the great mining camp, and very naturally building material and fuel bring all sorts of fance prices, the commonest kind of lumber selling for \$60 per 1,000 feet, while inferior grades of scrub cedar command \$22 a cord. A onsequent upon this condition, various subterfuges are resorted to in the architectural make-up of Tonopah. There are houses made of straw, of burlap sacks trimmed with blue jean overails, of tin from fley gallon oil cans, of dry goods and cracker box lumber, of mud, stone, tents, cloth in fact, almost every sort of contrivance is resorted to as a makeshift for a place of habitation, but it has remained for William F. Peck, a miner, to devise a bouse in a class by itself.

He has constructed of empty beer bottles a house 16x20 feet in the clear, with ceiling eight feet high, and containing two rooms, it was built in October of last year by Mr. Peck entirely unaided, at such odd moments as the mine.

Ten thousand empty beer bottles were

he could spare from his regular duties at the mine.

Ten thousand empty heer bottles were incorporated in the structure. The inside walls are plastered with mortar, which is spread to a depth sufficient to cover the pro-truding bottle necks, thus making a smooth surface. Mr. Peck lived all his winter id-his peculiar abade with his wife and two children, a girl of 7 and a boy of 3 years, and says, while the temperature in many resi-dences of Tonopah reached the freezing point quite often, 18 family found their glass house exceedingly comfortable at all times

